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Republicans To Form Constitution

NEW MEXICO'S constitutional convention will be controlled by the Republicans in the proportion of two to one. The political complexion of the new state is thus pretty clearly defined. The framing of the constitution, the fundamental law, is the one matter over which there would normally be a sharp partisan division—unfortunately, but none the less normally. And in chalking up a victory in so many of the districts, the Republicans have given a demonstration of apparent strength that may deceive themselves.

The responsibility now to rest upon the party is heavy. It is true, as has so often been said in this campaign, that these are the last state constitutions to be framed and advantage should be taken of the good points of all the others. But this does not mean that fads and radicalism should prevail. The constitution should be models of restraint and conservative wisdom, not chowders of strange device and palate tickling contentment.

Moreover, the contest is not over—far from it. The task of framing a constitution may be long and tedious; then it must go before the people, and here will be an even better test of alignment than in the choice of delegates; a constitution that does not suit the majority of voters will be turned down. Should the new draft be sustained, it must pass the scrutiny of the president and congress; there's the rub. It is safe to say that, with such prejudice as exists against the admission of the two territories, there will be no yielding at the white house or the capitol to any clamor of territorial leaders. The new constitutions must meet the sense of the majority of congress and the ideas of the president, or statehood will be held up indefinitely, and that means that the enabling legislation may die and that the whole fight may have to be made over. Better leave the unusual things, therefore, for legislative action after the final steps are taken at Washington. It will be far safer to submit constitutional amendments to the people in the near future after statehood is attained, than to allow radicalism to jeopardize the whole movement at this critical stage. Once statehood becomes a reality, we can fight out our differences at home without having to take half a thousand unsympathetic congressmen and an unsympathetic president into the unequal contest.

A Sure Sign Of Growth

LA FOLLETTE'S overwhelming victory and the defeat of Burrows ought to inject into the minds of even the most calloused "regular" the suspicion that maybe this "progressive" or "insurgent" movement is something more than the echo of an imaginary barking in the distance. Burrows is one of the oldest old timers with a generation of service in the two houses of congress, but he is retired because he did not read the signs right. La Follette is a good deal of a poser, but he has built up much the same sort of personal following as Johnson had in Minnesota, and the national Republican leaders, much as they would like to, cannot ignore his rapid growth in the esteem of a large section of the party.

The insurgent movement does not represent a revolt within the party, or preface a breaking up of the organization; it is merely a manifestation of growth, of adaptation to new conditions, and as such, it is a sign of good health in the party, not of impending disaster. The factions will have their differences in the primaries, but they will not carry them to the polls. The party without debated leadership and without debated policies is the party of stagnation, and shrewd political observers favorable to continued Republican ascendancy welcome the signs of strong pulse, fierce fidelity, and fervid ambition among party adherents, indicating courage, red blood, and high spirits.

The Republican party is in process of evolution, but the net result will be that the radicals, once charged with responsibility, will become more conservative, and that the conservatives, once driven to look to wider horizons, will reject the perpetual leadership of back dated prophets.

If some of the "statesmen" who are always howling against the railroads, could only crawl into a stock car and get hauled away some night, the state would get along a lot better.

The Worst Enemy Of Union Labor

THE persons who dynamited the big bridge and iron shops at Peoria, Ill., and dynamited a trainload of bridge material from Pittsburgh, Pa., ready for erecting, may have thought they were advancing the cause of union labor, but the Peoria shops were "open" shops, employing both union and nonunion men on a condition deemed by many union men to be more intolerable than a definite anti-union policy—while the bridge material from Pittsburgh was made in a non-union shop. If the dynamiters had any such motive, their mistake can hurt no one so deeply as the honest and law abiding union workman, who does not cherish secretly such a hatred of those who differ with him as to lead him to attempt to justify the use of violence and the defiance of law to express his hate. It is timely to call attention once more to the fact that the outrages in the United States so frequently recorded in connection with labor differences are not a rule, committed by ignorant foreigners, but by Americans, native Americans promising anglosaxon or north European stock. The outrages are not as a rule committed by men ignorant of the law or untaught in the principles of human rights which are supposed to rule in this republic, but they are as a rule committed by men who have had the benefit of American free public schooling, and who are clever enough to plot their outrages deliberately and carefully, to make up plausible defenses and to cheat the law.

The fact that many of the labor unions are quicker to lend their resources to shield, rather than to discover and apprehend, the guilty individuals illustrates the fact often alluded to, that in many cases the leaders of the unions are not the true representatives and leaders of the organized workmen, any more than the elected officials of the various governmental units are true representatives and leaders of their communities. Conditions among the unions as in politics too often admit unfit men to leadership. It is these unfit leaders who countenance dynamite and personal assault; they may write and talk against violence, but their words do not ring sincere, for their acts of omission accuse them.

The dynamiter is no friend to the union cause, and the majority of the workers do not countenance violence, but as long as so many leaders remain passive there will be the tendency to make opportunities for gratifying private lusts under cover of trade disputes.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

TIME hung heavy on my hands, for I had naught to do: the hour-glass dripped its sluggish sands as slow as flowing glue. And so I said: "This sad life wends like leaden wheels; and so I'll call upon my friends, and tell them merry tales. It may relieve this heart of mine, and pass an hour away, and make the days of gladness shine on lives too dark and gray."

I called upon a busy man and told an anecdote; he left his chair and blithely ran, and seized me by the coat, and pushed me gaily through the hall, and kicked me down the stairs, and made remarks concerning gall, and pelted me with chairs. I sat upon the pavement then, and mused in sadder strain: "Though I would help my fellow men, my work seems all in vain. I try to cheer the gloomy town, and work the sunshine graft, yet people simply drop me down the elevator shaft. There surely must be something wrong with optimistic stunts, for when I sing my sunshine song the hearer simply hunts for clubs and bricks and things like those wherewith to pound my head, and break my back and spill my clothes, and leave me two-thirds dead." The cop who helped me to arise remarked: "You're slugged again? Take my advice, my friend; be wise—don't bother busy men."

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Base Man

Married Life the First Year

No. 12 The Mouse By Mabel Herbert Urner

SEVERAL times lately Anna had complained of the mice in the kitchen and had asked for a trap. But Helen, who thought never to have anything killed, had refused to get one.

The most harrowing memories of her childhood were the cruel rat traps that had been kept in the pantry and cellar of grandfather's house. She still shuddered at the thought of the helpless, squirming things with a leg crushed in the old fashioned "steel trap" lying there for hours, until they were found and killed.

Again and again she had stolen down in the cellar, where the traps were, with bits of cheese, and had sprung them with a stick, so that she might sleep that night free from the thought that some little creature was lying there, maimed and suffering until morning.

And countless times, when she found them caught in these cage-like traps which imprison but do not injure—she had opened the door to free them before the servant could throw them into a pail of water or let them out before a leaping dog.

She barred all traps. And so now, when she had a home of her own, she was most emphatic in her assertions that there were to be no traps of any kind.

It was one afternoon just before Warren came home that she reached up on the shelf in the bathroom to get a box of matches for her smoking table. On this shelf she also kept the bird-seed, and it was from behind a packable of seed that a tiny mouse sprang out, and in its terror fell over the edge of the shelf into the bathtub underneath.

For a second it rushed wildly around the polished porcelain tub and then began leaping up the slick sides only to slide back again.

The glass-like finish of the tub gave it nothing to hold to—it was helpless, imprisoned. And still it leaped frantically—but only to reach just below the edge and then fall back. Its little body was quivering when Helen, after the first start and terror of surprise when the mouse had darted

out, watched it with pity and dismay. "Anna—Anna, come here quick!" Anna appeared at the bathroom door, her hands covered with flour.

"Look—look. How can we get it out without hurting it?"

With something like a snort Anna reached up and turned the faucet on the water faucet. But in a flash Helen had dragged her back and turned it off.

She scolded the maid. "Don't you dare do a thing like that! You've scared the mouse. I want you to understand how that nothing is going to be made to suffer or to be killed in this apartment."

The mouse was still leaping frantically up the sides of the tub. "Oh, it can never get out itself—how can we help it?"

"I don't know, ma'am," rather sullenly, resentful of the scolding. The sound of a door closing and steps in the hall.

"Oh, it's Warren, joyfully. 'Warren—Warren, come here. There's a mouse in the bathtub and it can't get out!'"

"That's tragic!" coming to the door. "It's so frightful. Can you get it out without hurting it or frightening it more?"

Warren to the rescue. He glanced at the little thing darting quivering around. And then he simply let down the chain of the rubber stopper which had been caught up over the faucet.

In a flash the mouse had climbed up the chain, leaped to the floor and disappeared behind the tub.

"Oh, Helen put up her arms and kissed him impulsively. 'I never thought of that. You are the dearest and wisest and best man in the world!'"

"As shown by my valorous rescuing of the mouse."

A Detective

(By Joseph Behand.)

"I HAVE read most of these modern detective stories that are so popular," said the old judge. "Both criminals and detectives in them are wonderfully clever, but still I think I can tell a story that beats them all, but that is not very flattering to myself."

"I was quite young, and had been made prefect of police in a department near Paris, and had been quite successful from the start. A gang of burglars, who did not make up their minds, were infesting the neighborhood. They called themselves 'the Invincibles.' In less than six months I broke up the gang, and had all the leaders sent to prison for long terms, and when this was done I went to Paris for a much needed rest."

"Next morning I received the following letter written in a big, firm hand: 'Our group still exists and we command you under penalty of death to pay over to us the sum of fifty thousand francs. If you are wise you will signify your willingness by tying a white handkerchief to the hook outside your window.'"

"I laughed. It was evidently a joke of some comrade. But two days later when I was returning home rather late, something crashed against the wall quite near me and exploded. I saw two shadows disappear among the trees. I struck a match and saw that a bullet had struck the wall quite near me. Among my letters the next morning I found one written in pencil: 'First warning.'"

"Two days later a little after having had my breakfast I was sitting at my table, and a violent attack of pain lasted until night, and an examination showed that some milk I had drunk contained a mixture of arsenic and an emetic. The next morning this letter arrived: 'Second and last warning; we might increase the dose.'"

"It was not possible. Was I a police official or a creature of Conan Doyle's imagination? And still that shot. This milk brought in the creamery on the corner and served by the old valet who had known me since I was a boy I admit I lost my wits. I can hardly describe the terror that seized me. It was like the anguish of a prisoner in his cell waiting to be executed. 'Still I succeeded in controlling my feelings. They were not to intimidate me. They had failed the wrong man. I would triumph over this gang once more. I carried a loaded revolver and everything I ate was carefully examined. I even took the precaution to write my bank not to pay any check signed by me, so that even if they forced me to sign one by torture it would not be honored."

"When I returned from my usual walk I had an idea. On the first floor in the house where I lived I had noticed a copy of the inscription: Dick Bertrand, Private Detective. I had seen advertisements in the paper announcing this man's wonderful success. Why should I not pay and check him to watch over me. A dignified valet led me into Monsieur Bertrand's office, where I met a calm, self-possessed, baldheaded gentleman, who listened very attentively to my tale."

"This seems to be a very serious affair."

The Herald's Daily Short Story

Mr. Judge. These secondaries are even more dangerous than the primaries. They want your money, but are even more anxious to take your life. I have already had several similar cases. My price, if successful, will be one-tenth of the sum the people demand. It is not too much when you consider the risk I run. You accept? All right. Tomorrow morning you will display a handkerchief as if you were willing to pay, and then you will disappear for 24 hours. I will make up exactly like you and put on your usual suit of clothes, and you will disguise yourself as a working man, and leave the house by the back stairs. I will go out for a walk, the fellows will naturally tackle me and feel sorry for their mistake."

"I went upstairs to put out the signal and tell my valet that I should be away for a few days, and a little later Dick Bertrand had become my double and I a busy workingman."

"Now, if you will take my advice," said my protector, "you will go to the country. I know just the place for you. At Ville d'Arroy, number six Rue Dames-Marie, there is a family boarding-house, run by Madame Laporte, to whom I have often sent people in similar cases. She will make you comfortable, and you will wait there until you hear from me, which will not be very long."

"Mme. Laporte, a beautiful brunette, had just accompanied an English family to the railroad station when I arrived at her house, so I was to be her only boarder, she said. My room, which was large and comfortable, commanded a beautiful view of the Seine. She lent me a dressing gown and I immediately felt at home."

"Our first dinner was fit for the gods, and I was really charming. My first warning. The champagne was excellent and I have an idea that at the desert I became very attentive to the beautiful woman, who sat next me, but that is only a vague memory. I was not to be deceived. I was to be deceived."

"I woke up 15 hours later on the same divan feeling terribly ill. The house was empty and the doors locked. I opened a window and a passer by assisted me to get out. A doctor to whom I went said I showed every sign of having had a good dose of knockout drops, and police investigations proved that the house had been rented furnished a few days before by Mme. Laporte, who had never had any other boarders."

"The truth dawned upon me. I rushed to my bank, where the cashier told me that I had called in person the day before and had withdrawn all my cash and securities. He showed me the signatures on the receipt, which were good enough to deceive myself."

"Dick Bertrand was never seen again, and for several years I had to live very economically, but even today I think with regret of the charming Mme. Laporte's beautiful evening."

Forest Fires Burning.

Carson City, Nev., Sept. 7.—The forest fires that have been burning for the last week in the vicinity of Glen Brook are spreading and calls have been sent to this city for assistance. The flames are moving toward Marlett Lake and Hobart estate. Many men have been sent to the scene and the members of the Nevada state police are being summoned from all parts of the state to aid in the fight against the fires.

American Veterinary Surgeons and Their Work In Recent Years

By Frederick J. Haskin

ARE BELIEVERS IN VIVISECTION.

THE American Veterinary Medical Association of the United States is now in session at San Francisco. This association has a membership of about 1000 of the 4000 veterinarians in the United States who are eligible. It is probable that no other profession in the United States is less crowded than the veterinary profession. There are only about twenty schools teaching veterinary medicine in the country, and only fifteen of these are sufficiently thorough to entitle their graduate students to take the civil service examination under the United States bureau of animal industry for the various government positions to be filled by veterinarians. There are more than 200,000,000 domestic animals in the United States, including cats, dogs or poultry. Yet there are only 2000 students in the veterinary schools of the country. On the other hand, while there are 90,000,000 people in the United States, there are nearly 25,000 students of medicine.

A Recent Profession.

Before 1891 the practice of veterinary medicine was given over largely to blacksmiths and rural horse doctors, none of whom had more than a very slight empiric knowledge of the diseases of domestic animals. In that year the association adopted a requirement that to be eligible to membership an applicant must have been graduated from a school requiring at least three terms of six months each for a course of study. This tended to give the practice of veterinary medicine a professional standing, and while in recent years some little difficulty has been experienced in obtaining the necessary schools that have sprung up in many quarters, the decision of the bureau of animal industry to recognize only certain schools has tended to overcome this evil.

At the last meeting of the association, held in Chicago, a strong resolution was adopted looking to the stamping out of hydrophobia. This resolution declares that all dogs running at large should be required to be muzzled, and that any dog appearing off the premises of its owner without a properly adjusted muzzle ought to be shot immediately. Another resolution expressed great faith in the work of the medical fraternity with reference to bovine tuberculosis, and declared it to be the belief of the veterinary profession that tuberculosis in cattle can be transmitted to human beings, and that the control of the milk sanitarians of the country, looking toward the elimination of tuberculosis from the milk supply, is to be highly commended. Veterinary medicine has been pursued

as a science since the time of the ancient Egyptians and Greeks, although from the time of the destruction of the Grecian empire until the establishment of a veterinary school in Lyons in 1762 the profession was at a complete standstill. The possibility of the inter-transmission of disease between animal and man was suggested first by Vegetius Ranzani, about the time of the dawn of the Christian era, and although he possessed none of the equipment which has enabled modern medicine to study the relation of animal life and disease, he discussed the matter with a thoroughness and intelligence that has made his name a landmark in the history of human and veterinary medicine. In many parts of Europe and in some of the important cities of the United States, hospitals for animals are maintained. At the London Zoo there is an infirmary for the treatment of the denizens of that institution. Lions and tigers are treated like cats, while wolves, hyenas and bears are treated as if they were overgrown dogs. The rhinoceros responds to the kind of treatment accorded the horse, while the hippopotamus is found to respond to therapeutic care as is given to the pig.

High Salaried Men.

Some veterinary surgeons are paid highly for their services. One of these is Alfred Sewell, canine surgeon to the king of England. He wears the regulation uniform of a British officer, and holds a position of no small rank in the royal household, and often goes to St. Petersburg and Berlin to prescribe for the pets of the czar and kaiser. He is a great believer in the rest cure for pet and human ailments, and prescribes a trip to southern Europe for the dogs and cats of royalty. On these trips the royal pets are accompanied by their retinue of attendants to make sure that all goes well with their charges.

It is said that there is a pet cat known as Dr. Ginger, with headquarters at Bellevue hospital in New York. The doctor had the misfortune to get a flame bone in its throat, so to perforce an operation, known as tracheotomy, on its own throat. The only instruments used were the claws given it by nature, and the only antiseptic was the frequent lickings with its own tongue. The cat has entirely recovered and stands at the head of the list of animals operating upon themselves.

Preventive medicine is no less a science with the modern veterinarian than with the modern physician. In the past decade or two splendid results have been obtained from precautionary measures. Before the process of immunizing northern cattle to the Texas fever, few

Abe Martin



A sack of peanuts is the only thing left that's sellin' at the ole price. Folks that love at first sight are generally sorry they didn't look around a little more.

thoroughbred cattle were shipped south, because of the fact that from 75 to 90 percent of those shipped died within a comparatively short time after their arrival on the southern farms. Since the perfection of this immunizing process there is no difficulty of shipping to southern points, and the cattle and dairy industry in the southern states has enjoyed a remarkable development. A method of inoculation of the bile against rinderpest has proved to be highly successful in South Africa, and it is believed that eventually the cattle business of the dark continent. The United States bureau of animal industry.

(Continued on Page 7)

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald Of This Date 1896.

A distinguished party of Mexican disciples of Escalaplus will arrive Thursday morning en route to the American Public Health association, to be held in Buffalo next week.

Col. Campbell, city clerk Nelson, scavenger Neeson and Mr. Hickerson left last night to attend the Republican convention at Ft. Worth.

Francisco Mallen, consul in El Paso for the Mexican government, reports everything flourishing.

Rev. C. J. Oxley preached in Trinity church last night a forcible sermon and raised \$15.

The annual meeting of the El Paso Baseball association will be held tonight at the Lindell hotel.

Two tame bears got loose and made themselves at home in neighboring door yards and scared a number of women and children.

There are living in Tularosa a man and his wife who are the parents of 23 children, 12 boys and 11 girls. The children are all alive.

The dinner dinner is said to be becoming entirely too popular in the drawing rooms of Gotham.

Arizona voters today and tomorrow the Democrats will have their long inning at shouting.

A. B. Ritchie has returned from his Cleveland, Ohio, trip. He was in Cleveland when Mr. Bryan was there and says a special of 20 cars came up from Canton.

W. H. Keesey of Ft. Davis has been spending a few days in the city. There was a heavy fall of rain at Ft. Bliss Saturday evening.

Dorothy Dix On A Woman's Best Asset

IF the fairy godmother of tradition were hovering above the capricious and capricious of the great special interest I should pray her to bestow upon the tiny occupant of the crib, as her best gift, good nature. I should not ask for beauty, nor wit, nor genius, nor a draw blood revenue, easy-going ability to take life as it comes, with cheerful smilingness, and without getting nerves or hysterics, and a vinegary disposition.

When we enumerate the qualities that go to make a successful woman, we talk about her looks, or her intelligence, or her talents, but none of these are the potent charm to confer with that good nature. It is the real philosopher's stone that makes a man, and that opens every door for his happy possessor.

The Really Popular Girl. Wonderful and marvelous are its powers. Does a girl yearn for the admiration of men, to be a belle, and have a train of suitors hanging about her? Who does? Not the beauty, who is generally snuffy. Not the living picture, who says catty little things about other women, and whose conversation draws blood every time she reaches them out toward a new subject. Not the peroxide dream of a hour, who is difficult and hard to please, and who has a discontented and disgruntled attitude toward life.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the popular girl in any community is just an ordinary looking girl, with no pretensions to any especial good looks or intelligence, or style. But she is good natured. She is willing to divide her chocolate creams with all the other girls. She tries to make everybody have a good time, and is ever ready to listen with sympathy to the tale of a man's success, or his failure. She isn't hard to please. Lord bless you, no. She enjoys everything that comes along, and men flock about her like bees about a honey pot. Just because she is so sweet, and wholesome, and sure to be an old-fashioned flower garden in May.

If a woman wants to be a successful wife, why, her best asset is also good nature. In domestic life an ounce of amiability and cheerfulness is worth a ton of gilt edge theories about how to keep a husband.

A great many women, who are perfect models of all the domestic virtues, whose houses are as neat as pins, whose dinners are always well cooked, and who do their duty to the last hair wonder why it is that their husbands wander from the domestic fief, while the husband of some other woman, who isn't half as good a manager, can't be inveigled outside of his own door.

The answer to the conundrum is, good nature. Many a good wife spoils all of the results of her labors and her sacrifices by being cross and querulous, and when she has that, all else shall be added unto it.

and fault finding, and exacting, and nagging. We don't always love martyrs and enjoy their society as we should—particularly when they martyrize themselves for our sakes, and insist on using what we have made them suffer. But none of us can ever get enough of the company of the cheerful optimist who thinks this is a pretty good old world, and that we are about the best things in it.

Men who have married beauties have weaved of them. Men have divorced wives and deserted geniuses, but no man ever yet found matrimony a failure who was married to a woman who could lighten their daily life with good nature, who could laugh at mistakes, who didn't hold him up to an impossible standard, and who was ready to meet the exigencies of existence with cheerfulness and common sense.

The Successful Mothers. And it is the good natured women who are really successful mothers, too. The mothers who have the greatest influence over their children are not those that sacrifice the most for their offspring, or the mothers who spend most time praying over their children as they sleep, or the mothers who raise their children according to cut-and-dried child culture rules.

The mothers whose children adore them are the mothers who are good natured, who laugh with their children, who don't look upon childish peccadilloes as cardinal sins. The most tender memories that any of us have are of some good natured woman—mother, or grandmother, or perhaps an aunt—who didn't scold when we tore our dresses, nor lecture when we robbed the cookie jar.

The Business Success. Finally, in business, good nature is not only a woman's best asset. It is almost a necessity to her success. It does not make any difference how much talent a woman has, unless she is easy to get along with, men simply won't back her up around.

We all wonder why Miss So-and-so, who is so competent, never can keep a job as a stenographer. The answer is that she possesses a razor-edged temper, and every time any correction is made in her work she flies into the sulks.

We are surprised that Miss What's-Her-Name, who is really an artist with her needle, has never been able to make a living as a dressmaker. The reason is simple enough. She offends her customers and is so ill-natured that she drives them away. We don't have to put up with disagreeable people, you know, unless we are married to them, or they are members of our own family.

Good nature is woman's chief charm, and when she has that, all else shall be added unto it.